THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 31, 1801.

Deſcription of the Diſtrict of Sonnenburg, in Germany.

IN that part of the principality of Saxe Cobourg which is contiguous to the great foreſt of Thuringia, is ſituated the little canton of Sonnenburg, compriſing an extent of about eleven ſquare leagues. Of theſe nearly eight are taken up by a mountainous projection of the foreſt, exhibiting a ſtriking aſſemblage of rocks, and torrents, and woods, with a few villages in the moſt fertile ſpots; while the great maſs of the population is ſpread over the remaining three leagues, The whole number of inhabitants is about 13,000, occupying 2200 houſes, which are collected into ſix ſmall towns, and ſeventy villages and hamlets; their cattle and horſes amount to 8500. Potatoes form the chief ſuſtenance of the people, and proviſions in general are very cheap.

Deſtitute of the convenience of water-carriage, and without any materials except thoſe which are furniſhed by their own rocks and foreſts, it would be impoſſible for this little tract of country to ſupport half its preſent population, without the moſt patient and unremitting induſtry. Much of the territory is not ſuited for the improvements of agriculture; the inhabitants have therefore from time immemorial applied themſelves to manufacture, more eſpecially of thoſe various articles that are known over all Europe by the name of Nuremberg wares. At the fair of Frankfort they have long enjoyed peculiar privileges, for which they make a yearly acknowledgment to the chief magiſtrate of ſamples of their various manufactures. The value of theſe ſmall articles amounts annually to about 8000l. of which the principal are pill-boxes, ſieve-frames, looking-glaſs frames, cheſsboards, cheſsmen and draughts, hand-organs, ſlates to write

on, gun-flints, and a variety of children's toys, ſuch as whiſtles, fiddles, marbles, dolls, baby-houſes, horſes, coaches, &c.

From the great diviſion of labour many of theſe articles are ſold ſurpriſingly cheap: numbers of little whiſtles are made, and paſs through the hands of three or four workmen, whoſe wholeſale price at Sonnenburg does not exceed four ſhillings for ſeventy dozen. Beſides the traffic in theſe ſmall goods, there are three forges worked in the mountains, which, beſides ſupplying the wants of the inhabitants, export tools and implements of wrought iron. Some heavy rough goods, as timber, potaſh, lamp-black, and pitch, the produce of their foreſts, are ſent by land to Kronach on the Mayn, whence they are diſtributed to the diſtricts down the river.

At the village of Steinach is a manufacture of Pruſſian blue, and at Hoemmern are vitriol works, and black, brown, yellow, red, and white earths for the painters. Gluckſthal and Lauſcha poſſeſs glaſs-houſes, where they make bottles, apothecaries' vials, beads, enamel buttons and looking-glaſſes to the annual amount of about 5000l. A manufacture of porcelain has of late been eſtabliſhed at Limbach, and already yields a profit of above 3000l.

Such are the various methods in which the inhabitants of Sonnenburg render the public tributary to their induſtry: all the rough materials are the ſpontaneous produce of their own territory; their manufactures are articles of univerſal and regular demand in civilized ſociety; induſtry is the hereditary portion of Germans, and therefore their proſperity is fixed upon as durable a baſis as any thing human can be.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

(Continued from Page 144.)

WE were relieved from our money embarraſſments by the timely death of a rich nobleman, to whoſe large eſtate my Lord Delacour was heir at law. I was intoxicated with the idle compliments of all my acquaintance, and I endeavoured to conſole myſelf for miſery at home, by gayety abroad. Ambitious of pleaſing univerſally, I became the worſt of ſlaves—a ſlave to the world—Not a moment of my time at my own diſpoſal—not one of my actions, I may ſay not one of my thoughts, was my own—I was obliged to find things "charming" every hour, which tired me to death; and every day it was the ſame dull round of hypocriſy and diſſipation.

You wonder to hear me ſpeak in this manner, Belinda, but one muſt ſpeak the truth ſometimes; and this is what I have been ſaying to Harriot Freke continually—continually for theſe ten years paſt. Then why perſiſt in the ſame kind of life, you ſay?

ſay?—Why, my dear, becauſe I could not ſtop—I was fit for this kind of life, and for no other—I could not be happy at *home*, for what ſort of a companion could I have made of Lord Delacour? By this time he was tired of his horſe Potatoes, and his horſe Highflie, and his horſe Eclipſe, and Goliath, &c. and he had taken to hard drinking, which ſoon turned him, as you ſee, quite into a beaſt. I forgot to tell you, that I had three children during the firſt five years of my marriage. The firſt was a boy; he was born dead; and my lord, and all his odious relations, laid the blame upon me; becauſe I would not be kept priſoner half a year by an old mother of his, a vile Caſſandra, who was always propheſying that my child would not be born alive.—My ſecond child was a girl, but a poor, diminutive, ſickly thing.—It was the faſhion at this time for fine mothers to ſuckle their own children—ſo much the worſe for the poor brats.—Fine nurſes never made fine children. There was a prodigious rout made about the matter; a vaſt deal of ſentiment and ſympathy, and compliments, and inquiries; but after the novelty was over, I became heartily ſick of the buſineſs; and at the end of about three months, my poor child was ſick too—I don't much like to think of it—it died—If I had put it out to nurſe, I ſhould have been thought by my friends an unnatural mother—but I ſhould have ſaved its life. I ſhould have bewailed the loſs of the infant more, if Lord Delacour's relations and my own had not made ſuch lamentations upon the occaſion, that I was ſtunned—I couldn't or wouldn't ſhed a tear, and I left it to the old dowager to perform in public, as ſhe wiſhed, the chief part of mourner, and to comfort herſelf in private, by lifting up her hands and eyes, and railing at me as the moſt inſenſible of mothers. All this time I ſuffered more than ſhe did: but that is what ſhe ſhall never have the ſatisfaction of knowing.

I determined, that if ever I had another child, I would not have the barbarity to nurſe it myſelf. Accordingly, when my third child, a girl, was born, I ſent it off immediately to the country, to a ſtout, healthy, broad-faced nurſe, under whoſe care it grew and flouriſhed; ſo that at three years old, when it was brought back to me, I could ſcarcely believe the chubby little thing was my own child. The ſame reaſons which convince me I ought not to nurſe my own child, determined me *à plus forte raiſon*, not to undertake its education. Lord Delacour could not bear the child becauſe it was not a boy. The girl was put under the care of a governeſs, who plagued my heart out with her airs *tracaſſeries*, for three or four years; at the end of which time, as ſhe turned out to be Lord Delacour's miſtreſs in form, I was obliged—in form—to beg ſhe would leave my houſe, and I put her pupil into better hands, I hope, at a celebrated academy for young ladies.

What I did with my time I cannot tell you—'Tis gone, and no trace left—One day after another went, I know not how—Had I wept for every day I loſt, I'm ſure I ſhould have cried my eyes out before this time—If I had enjoyed any amuſement in the midſt of this diſſipation, it would all have been very well; but I declare to you in confidence, I have been tired to death.—Nothing can be more monotonous than the life of a hacknied fine lady—and I queſtion whether a dray-horſe or a horſe in a mill, would willingly change places with one—if they could know as much of the matter as I do—You are ſurpriſed at hearing all this from me.—My dear Belinda, how I envy you! You are not yet tired of every thing.—*The world* has ſtill the gloſs of novelty for you—But don't expect that it can laſt above a ſeaſon. My firſt winter was certainly entertaining enough—One begins with being charmed with the buſtle and glare, and what the French call *ſpectacle*; this is over, I think, in ſix months.—I can but juſt recollect having been amuſed at the Theatres, and the Opera, and the Pantheon, and Ranelagh, and all thoſe places, for their own ſakes—Soon, very ſoon we go out to ſee people, not things—Then we grow tired of ſeeing people—and then we go out, merely becauſe we can't ſtay at home.—A diſmal ſtory, and a true one.—Excuſe me for ſhowing you the ſimple truth; well dreſſed falſehood is a perſonage much more *preſentable*.

I am now come to an epoch in my hiſtory, in which there is a dearth of extraordinary events—What ſhall I do?—Shall I invent?—I would if I could—but I cannot. Then I muſt confeſs to you that during theſe four years I ſhould have died of *ennui*, if I had not been kept alive by my hatred of Mrs. Luttridge, and of my huſband—I don't know which I hate moſt—O yes, I do. I certainly hate Mrs. Luttridge, the moſt—for a woman can always hate a woman more than ſhe can hate a man, unleſs ſhe had been in love with him—which I never was with poor Lord Delacour—Yes! I certainly hate Mrs. Luttridge the moſt—I cannot count the number of extravagant things I have done on purpoſe to eclipſe her—We have had rival routs, rival concerts, rival galas, rival theatres—ſhe has coſt me more than *ſhe's* worth. But then I certainly have mortified her once a month at leaſt.

My hatred to Mrs. Luttridge, my dear, is the remote cauſe of my love for you—for it was the cauſe of my intimacy with your aunt Stanhope—Mrs. Stanhope is really a clever woman; ſhe knows how to turn the hatred of all her friends and acquaintance to her advantage.—To ſerve lovers, is a thankful office, compared with that of ſerving *haters*—polite haters I mean—It may be dangerous, for aught I know, to interpoſe in the quarrels of thoſe who hate their neighbours, not only with all their ſpuls, but with all their ſtrength—the barbarians fight it out, kiſs, and are friends.—The quarrels which never come to blows are

are ſafer for a go-between; but even theſe are not to be compared to ſuch as never come to words. Your true ſilent hatred is that which laſts for ever—The moment it was known that Mrs. Luttridge and I, had come to the reſolution never to ſpeak to one another, your aunt Stanhope began to miniſter to my hatred ſo, that ſhe made herſelf quite agreeable.

She, one winter, gave me notice that my adverſary had ſet her heart upon having a magnificent entertainment, on a particular day. On that day, I determined, of courſe, to have a rival gala. —Mrs. Stanhope's maid had a lover, a gardener, who lived at Chelſea; and the gardener had an aloe, whioh was expected ſoon to blow. Now a plant that blows but once in a hundred years is worth having. The gardener intended to make a public exhibition of it; by which he expected to gain about a hundred guineas.—Your aunt Stanhope's maid got it from him, for me, for fifty; and I had it whiſpered about, that an aloe in full blow, would ſtand in the middle of one of Lady Delacour's ſupper tables. The difficulty was to make Mrs. Luttridge fix upon the very day we wanted; for you know we could not poſſibly put off the blowing of our aloe.—Your aunt Stanhope managed the thing admirably, by means of a *common friend*, who was not a ſuſpected perſon with the Luttridges—in ſhort my dear, I gained my point—every body came from Mrs. Luttridge's to me or to my aloe.—She had a prodigiouſly fine ſupper, but ſcarce a ſoul ſtaid with her; they all came to ſee, what could be ſeen but once in a hundred years.—Now the aloe, you know, is of a cumberſome height for a ſupper ornament—My ſaloon luckily had a a dome, and under the dome we placed it. Round the huge china vaſe in which it was planted, we placed the moſt beautiful, or rather the moſt expenſive hot-houſe plants we could procure. After all, the aloe was an ugly thing—but it anſwered my purpoſe—it made Mrs. Luttridge, as I am credibly informed, abſolutely weep for vexation.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of the late celebrated* MOZART.

By Mr. John Ashley.

MOZART was born at Saltzburgh, in 1756—his father was a muſician of conſiderable merit; and obſerved, at a very early age, an extraordinary love of harmony in his ſon. For when only three years of age, he would ſit and liſten to his ſiſter, as ſhe practiſed on the harpſichord, with great attention, for a length of time. When ſhe left it, he would endeavour to find out the chords, and would expreſs the greateſt joy at his ſucceſs. He ſoon acquired a variety of airs, and performed them in ſo charming

charming a ſtyle, that his father began to form the moſt agreeable expectations of his future celebrity.

Before he reached his ſixth year, he had compoſed ſeveral ſonatas for the harpſichord, although it was ſaid he was unable to commit them to paper; which deficiency was ſupplied by his father. Morning, noon, and night found him at his harpſichord, or occaſionally at the violin, on which, though ſelf-taught, he made no mean progreſs. All his ſoul ſeemed abſorbed in this delightful ſtudy. The toys and playthings which pleaſe moſt children, had no attraction for him. Muſic only had charms for his wonderful imagination—and he preſſed forward to the perfection of his art, not by gradual advances, but as it were by the velocity of intuition.

In the year 1762, when only ſix years old, he performed a concerto before the elector at Munich, which aſtoniſhed the whole court. From hence his father carried him to Vienna, when he played before the emperor, who, willing to try the child's abilities further, hinted that he could not play ſo well, if he did not conſtantly look at his fingers. The little fellow, fired at the inſinuation, requeſted the keys might be concealed from his ſight, and exerted himſelf with increaſed effect. In ſhort, his execution and muſic appeared ſo wonderful, that his Imperial Majeſty was beyond meaſure delighted, and beſtowed on him the appellation of *the little Sorcerer*. In 1763 he viſited Paris, where he performed before the court, and was thought greater on the organ than on the harpſichord. Here his father, ſiſter, and himſelf, gave two concerts with ſo much reputation, that their portraits were painted, engraved, and eagerly ſought after; and here alſo he firſt publiſhed ſome of his earlieſt compoſitions.

London, the centre of liberal patronage, next heard his amazing powers, where he and his ſiſter performed to the moſt faſhionable audiences. His preſent majeſty is ſaid to have been his auditor, when a baſs was given him as a ground, upon which he immediately raiſed a moſt exquiſite melody.

From London, where he publiſhed ſix leſſons for the harpſichord, he paſſed into Holland and France, and from thence to his native place. After a year ſpent in ſtudy, and in the examination of the compoſitions of Emanuel Bach, Handel, and the old Italian maſters, he paid a ſecond viſit to Vienna in 1768; when he compoſed at the expreſs deſire of Joſeph II. his firſt comic opera, La Finta Semplice, which gained the unqualified applauſe of the beſt judges—about this time alſo he compoſed the muſic for the conſecration of the church of orphans, which he himſelf conducted.

In 1769, Mozart returned to Saltzburg, where he was appointed Maitre de Concert. Some time after, he ſet off for Italy, the ſchool of taſte and enthuſiaſm. Bologna admired and applauded

genius ſo unrivalled—and Florence extolled him to the ſkies. At Rome he wiſhed to have taken a copy of the celebrated Miſerere from the Pope's chapel, but this being refuſed, he examined it with a quick eye, and afterwards in his chamber wrote out the whole of the numerous parts from memory only!

The Pope beſtowed on him the order of the gilt ſpur, and Bologna complimented him with the title of Member and Maſter of the Philharmonic Academy. The probationary exerciſe for which honour, a fugue for four voices, he wrote in half an hour. He afterwards viſited Naples. He generally wore a fine diamond ring when he performed in public. Some of the Neapolitan ladies obſerved to him, that his muſic muſt be the effect of magic, and that it lay in his ring. Taking that in the literal ſenſe which was meant only as a compliment, he immediately took off his ring, and ſoon convinced the audience that the magic lay only in his own unrivalled genius. In paſſing, on his return through Rome, the Pope preſented him with a very valuable crucifix.

At Milan he compoſed his opera of Mithridates, which was much admired, and again went back to Saltzburgh. In 1771 he made a ſecond excurſion to Paris, where, however, his ſtay was ſhort. In 1773 he compoſed Lucio Sulla, by requeſt, for the carnival. In 1781, being now twenty-five years of age, he compoſed, at the deſire of the Elector of Bavaria, the celebrated opera of Idomeneo, for the carnival of that year alſo, which has merit enough in itſelf to have rendered the author illuſtrious.

He was now invited to Vienna, where his merit ſoon outſhone the moſt brilliant of his rivals. The rapidity of his exquiſite taſte and feeling, were beyond all praiſe. His compoſitions were circulated far and wide, and every where aſtoniſhed by their originality, expreſſion, and energy. His next work was l'Enlevement du Serail. During the compoſition of this opera, he married Mademoiſelle Weber, a lady of great muſical talents and genius: and to this circumſtance has been attributed that peculiar tone of tender paſſion, for which this piece is ſo remarkable.

The ſtory of the Marriage of Figaro, which filled at this time moſt of the theatres, was converted into an opera, and compoſed by Mozart, at the inſtance of the Emperor; the ſongs of which were vociferated in the ſtreets, the gardens, and the taverns, and it was performed at Prague during the greateſt part of the winter. Here the manager of the theatre agreed with him for the compoſition of Don Giovanni, one of the moſt aſtoniſhing efforts of ſcience and imagination, fire and feeling. The overture to which, after having been from home till midnight, he compoſed in his chamber in a few hours, the very night before the firſt performance of that opera. Yet all this fame did not better his circumſtances, and although he might poſſibly be ſaid not to have been badly paid, yet his ſtyle of living was neceſſarily ſo

attended

attended with expence, that he had determined on another tour to London, where every uſeful and elegant art is more liberally encouraged under the auſpices of a beloved monarch, than in any other part of the world. Unfortunately for Engliſhmen, the emperor gave him the appointment of Compoſiteur de la Chambre, which, ſmall as was the ſalary, ſecured to Germany the regular honour of retaining him.

It is lamentable, obſerves one of his biographers, that premature genius too rarely enjoys a long career. The acceleration of nature in the mental powers, ſeems to hurry the progreſs of the animal economy, and to anticipate the regular cloſe of temporal exiſtence.

The health of Mozart began rapidly to decline. However he was not idle; for in the few laſt months of his life he compoſed thoſe three great works The Enchanted Flute, the Clemency of Titus, and The Requiem. Some have have called theſe his *chef d'œuvres*. Nothing ever had a greater run than the firſt of theſe. It was performed at Vienna one hundred nights in leſs than twelve months, and on the hundredth night the theatre overflowed as much as on the firſt. The ſecond was compoſed at the deſire of the Bohemian ſtates, for the coronation of Leopold. It was begun in his carriage on the road to Prague, and finiſhed in eighteen days. The hiſtory of the laſt is ſingular.

A ſtranger called on him, and requeſted he would compoſe, as ſpeedily as poſſible, a requiem for a catholic prince, in order to ſooth his mind, and to prepare it for his approaching diſſolution. Mozart demanded 200 ducats, and the ſtranger, in order to promote diſpatch, depoſited 400. The compoſer began the work, in the progreſs of which he felt his mind unuſually raiſed and agitated. He employed not only the day, but much of the night in the compoſition of it, with which he ſeemed to be infatuated. He told his wife he was compoſing it for himſelf, and ſhe prevailed upon him to give her the ſcore, and endeavour to cheer his ſpirits. Upon his appearing more tranquil, ſhe returned it, but he ſoon relapſed into deſpondency; and having finiſhed it on the day of his death, he again reminded her that he had previouſly informed her it would be compoſed for himſelf.

The only complaint he ſuffered during his illneſs, was his being obliged to quit life when in a ſituation to provide for his family, and at liberty to follow the dictates of his genius and the impulſes of his heart, unreſtrained by mercenary conſiderations.

In the year 1791, and in the 35th year of his age, juſt after he had received the appointment of Maeſtro di Capella, in the church of St. Peter, he departed this life, leaving the world to admire the brilliancy of his powers, and to lament the ſhortneſs of the period allotted to their diſplay.

With reſpect to his perſon, he was ſmall of ſtature, and his air, when not at the piano-forte, that of an abſent man. But his eyes

were full of fire, and when he was performing, his whole figure became agitated, his countenance changed, and his ſentiments were expreſſed in every motion of his muſcles. His knowledge was not confined to muſic only: he was maſter of ſeveral languages, and conſiderably ſkilled in mathematics. He was frank, mild, and generous; free from pedantry, and always juſt to the talents of others; and if he wiſhed for praiſe, it was only for the praiſe of thoſe who were qualified to beſtow it.

At the time of his death, he was conſiderably involved in debt; but to the credit of Prague and Vienna, theſe cities diſputed the honour of providing for his widow and children.

CHARACTER *of* MICHAEL ANGELO.

[From Fuſeli's Lectures on Painting.]

SUBLIMITY of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's ſtyle. By theſe principles he ſelected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as ſculptor, as architect, he attempted, and, above any other man, ſucceeded to unite magnificence of plan, and endleſs variety of ſubordinate parts with the utmoſt ſimplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand: character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made ſubſervient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanneſs, deformity, were by him indiſcriminately ſtamped with grandeur. A beggar roſe from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impreſſed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. This is the *terribil via* hinted at by Agoſtino Carracci, though perhaps as little underſtood by the Bologneſe, as by the blindeſt of his Tuſcan adorers, with Vaſari at their head.

To give the appearance of perfect eaſe to the moſt perplexing difficulty, was the excluſive power of Michael Angelo. He is the inventor of epic painting, in that ſublime circle of the Siſtine chapel, which exhibits the origin, the progreſs, and the final diſpenſation of theocracy. He has perſonified motion in the groups of the cartoon of Piſa; embodied ſentiment on the monuments of St. Lorenzo, unravelled the features of meditation in the prophets and ſibyls of the chapel of Sixtus; and in the laſt judgment, with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the maſter-trait of every paſſion that ſways the human heart.

Though, as ſculptor, he expreſſed the character of fleſh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him, yet he never ſubmitted to copy an individual, Julio the Second, only

excepted, and in him he repreſented the reigning paſſion rather than the man. In painting he contented himſelf with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament. The fabric of St. Peter, ſcattered into infinity of jarring parts by Bramante, and his ſucceſſors, he concentrated; ſuſpended the cupola, and to the moſt complex gave the air of the moſt ſimple of edifices. Such, take him all in all, was M. Angelo, the ſalt of art: ſometimes he no doubt had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner, or perplexed the grandeur of his forms with futile and oſtentatious anatomy; both met with armies of copyiſts, and it has been his fate to have been cenſured for their folly.

New Method of reviving Writings which have been effaced.

A Method of reviving writings, which have been effaced, by the oxygenated muriatic acid, has been diſcovered by Guietand, apothecary to the Grand Hoſpital of Humanity, formerly the Hotel Dieu at Paris.—The ſulphur of ammoniac, and the pruſſiate of pot-aſh, are the two ſubſtances which Guietand prefers employing in the proceſs for reſtoring writings which have been thus effaced. The diſagreeable ſmell of the ſulphur ammoniac will, no doubt, prevent perſons from uſing it.—But it has the advantage of not ſtaining the paper, while it makes the writing re-appear by the mere expoſure to its vapour in a cloſe jug, or under a glaſs bell. To produce this effect, however, more expeditiouſly, it may be proper to wet the paper in water, into which a few drops of the ſulphur have been previouſly poured. The writing will ſoon re-appear of a deep brown colour, and quite legible. The pruſſiate of pot-aſh gives a blue tinge both to the writing which has been eraſed, and to that which has been ſubſtituted for it, and thus furniſhes an eaſy mode of aſcertaining this ſpecies of fraud. It, at the ſame time, however, gives a ſlightly bluiſh colour to the paper.

In uſing it, a quantity of water ſufficient for completely wetting the paper to be ſubmitted to this teſt, is firſt put into a common plate or other ſhallow veſſel; to this is added nearly a thimble full of the ſolution of pruſſiate; after well mixing it with water the paper may be put into the veſſel leaf by leaf. When it is completely ſoaked, a few drops of ſulphur, or any acid, poured into the mixture, will be ſufficient to make the writing ſtart into view. The ſame ſubſtance, employed according to this proceſs, will equally revive the contents of ancient manuſcripts.

Deſcription

Deſcription of a Volcanic Iſland recently formed in the Vicinity of Iceland.

By the Chevalier Von Lowenhorn, Naval Captain and Adjutant-General in the Daniſh Service.

IN the ſpring of 1783, a volcanic iſland was formed in the vicinity of Iceland, which, according to the accounts of the navigators who that year viſited the country, attracted no ſmall notice. The diſcoverer of it, who arrived juſt at the time of the firſt eruption, when ſmoke and flames aſcended out of the ſea, relates that no iſland or any land could be ſeen from whence theſe flames could originate.—No wonder, then, that he fell into the greateſt conſternation, when, as he expreſſes himſelf, he ſaw the waves on fire.—Captain and crew conceived the notion, that the day of judgment was at hand; and took to their prayer and hymn-books, devoutly to prepare themſelves for their approaching end. But as no trumpet ſounded, as the ſun remained undarkened, and the firmament undiſturbed, they began to reflect farther what it might be, and at laſt hit upon the thought, that Iceland had been ſunk by an earthquake, and that this was the laſt remains and ejection of Hecla, the well-known burning mountain on that iſland. Wholly poſſeſſed with this idea, they were on the point of tacking about and returning to Denmark with the news of the dreadful event: but luckily, they had not proceeded far before they got ſight of the coaſt of Iceland.

The ſite of the volcanic eruption lies only 7¼ nautical miles (15 to a degree) from the ſouth-weſt point of Iceland; and they had not diſcovered any land: but having now been convinced of their miſtake reſpecting the ſubmerſion of Iceland, the ſhip reached its deſtined port, and completed its voyage. Ships that arrived afterwards ſaw a ſmall iſland from which the volcanic eruption proceeded; and, as may be conceived, always ſaw it under a different form. The ſame year ſmoke and flames were perceived on the ſhores next adjacent to Iceland.

As there are numerous inſtances of ſuch volcanic eruptions in the ſea becoming an iſland, this phenomenon attracted the attention of the Daniſh government; and the following year orders were given to all ſhips bound to Iceland, to examine the newly-formed iſland; but ſo entirely had it vaniſhed, that none of them either ſaw, or could diſcover the ſmalleſt trace of it. However, towards the end of the year, a very unfortunate accident happened, which was occaſioned, beyond all doubt, by ſome rocks under water, the remains of the vaniſhed iſland.

A Daniſh ſhip of war, of ſixty-four guns, called the Indfodfretten, was expected back from the Eaſt Indies; and intelligence had been received, that ſhe had already ſailed from the Cape of Good Hope: but from that time nothing farther was heard of

her until the year 1785; when the ſhips returning from Iceland reported, that ſome parts of that ſhip, and the long-boat, had been thrown on the coaſt of Iceland. From all accounts, and a compariſon of circumſtances, to me it appears certain, that the Indfodfretten foundered on this rock, which now no longer riſes above the ſurface of the ſea. It is impoſſible that ſuch a long-boat can come out of a ſhip, except it be done by the hands of men, even ſhould the ſhip be ſhattered all to pieces. Now, not only was this long-boat driven on ſhore whole, and in good condition; but they, moreover, found in it a box of wax-candles, but not a living ſoul. At the diſtance of about a quarter of a mile from the boat, they diſcovered ſeveral parts of the ſame ſhip, which were known from the mark upon them. Theſe parts, of different dimenſions and form, would not have been thrown on ſhore ſo near to one another, if the ſhipwreck had happened at a greater diſtance; the waves of the ſea, the currents, &c, muſt undoubtedly, in that caſe, have ſcattered them farther aſunder. Moreover, the fragments had been wafted to the land by the wind which blows in the direction of the rock. —Beſides, no other traces of this misfortune had been noticed along the coaſt of Iceland.

From theſe circumſtances I drew the concluſion, that the Indfodfretten had, after leaving the Cape of Good Hope on her return home, a dangerous and adverſe paſſage; for it is known, that in our northern ſeas in that year, eaſt winds generally prevailed. Very many ſhips, eſpecially the ſhips of war, prefer going north round England, to ſailing through the channel: and probably the ſhip may have been in want of ſomething; as, for example, freſh water, and the like. The captain was, at any rate, well acquainted in Iceland; for I myſelf had, ſome years before, been there with him as lieutenant of a ſhip under his command; he may, then, have been in ſearch of ſome of the harbours of Iceland, when he had the misfortune, in open ſea, unexpectedly to ſtrike on this hidden rock.—In this deſperate ſituation, the crew probably had recourſe to the long-boat, as the only means of ſaving at leaſt a few of them: but while they were hoiſting it overboard, it is likely that the ſhip foundered, and every ſoul on board periſhed, as no intelligence was ever received concerning them.

During my expedition to Iceland in the year 1786, it became an object of my particular attention, to make inquiries concerning this volcanic iſland, although no one then ſuſpected that the above-mentioned ſhip of war had been wrecked at that place; for this is only a concluſion which I have drawn from what I learned during my inveſtigation of the ſubject. When I arrived in Iceland, where, on account of the obſervations for the maps, and of other affairs committed to my care, I found myſelf under the neceſſity of remaining with my ſhip a conſiderable time in

Holmens-

Holmens-Hafen, and had at my diſpoſal a ſhip lying in that harbour, I ordered Lieutenant, now Captain, Grove, to proceed on a cruiſe about the place where the volcanic iſland had been ſeen. He continued there ſeveral days, and while under ſail frequently caſt the ſounding lead, but could find no bottom, with a line of a hundred or more fathoms, and had given up all hopes of making the deſired diſcovery. When he was on the point of returning, he, contrary to all expectation, obſerved the waves breaking on a rock, whoſe top was nearly on a level with the ſurface of the water: and now, no longer doubting that he had found what he had been in ſearch of, he obſerved its direction and diſtance from the neareſt coaſt of Iceland.

When the object of my expedition was accompliſhed, and I, at the concluſion of ſummer, was preparing to commence my voyage homewards; I determined before my departure to viſit this remarkable ſpot myſelf, and to correct or confirm its true geographical ſituation, as far as it can be aſcertained by obſervations made at ſea.—I therefore took my point of departure from ſome ſmall iſlands or rocks, which lie in front of Cape Reikianos, the moſt ſouth-weſt promontory of Iceland, and of which the outermoſt, called the Grenadier's Cap, is $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles diſtant from the promontory, in the direction from ſouth-weſt to weſt. The weather proving favourable, I was able to make a meridian obſervation for determining the latitude, as likewiſe obſervations of the longitude by means of time-keepers. Although the time-keepers I had with me were none of the beſt, yet, as I had ſailed on the ſame day from an Icelandic harbour, where I had obſerved the longitude, the relative error could not be very conſiderable, I therefore determined the ſituation of the rock called the Grenadier's Cap, to be in 60° 43′ 40″ N. latitude, and 25° 35′ 40″ longitude, weſt from Paris. This likewiſe tolerably well coincides with the obſervations of the French navigators, Verdun, De la Crenne Borda, and Pingre*; the more, as I have good reaſons for believing, that, from want of a ſufficient knowledge of the coaſts of Iceland, they make the latitude of Cape Reikianos three minutes too far north; for they ſtated it to be 63° 55′. And as, from the moſt accurate obſervations, I found that the rock lies in a direction from ſouth to weſt, according to the true meridian, and juſt four miles from the above-mentioned Grenadier's Cap, it follows, that the ſituation of this moſt dangerous rock is in 63° 32′ 45″ of N. latitude, and 26° 2′ 50″ Weſt longitude from Paris.

While I was continuing my courſe in order to get a view of the rock, Captain Grove, who was on board with me, concluded from his former obſervations, that we muſt be near it, as the coaſt of Iceland had totally vaniſhed from our ſight, and the outermoſt of

* See Voyage, fait par Ordre du Roi en 1771, 1772.

of the above-named viſible rocks, which lie ſouth-weſt from Iceland, was, notwithſtanding the clearneſs of the weather, ſcarcely any longer perceivable; he ſaid, "Is it adviſable to ſail ſo directly towards it?"—"Yes, my friend," was my anſwer; "for, on whichever ſide we turn, we ſhall have as great a chance of ſtriking upon it, as of eſcaping the danger; it is like looking for a needle in a load of hay."—As we were thus converſing about it, the people on the watch called out.—The attention and eyes of all were directed towards it, and we ſaw directly a-head of us the waves breaking againſt a rock. We inſtantly tacked about, and, at the ſame time, hove the lead, which had been kept in readineſs. We found the depth to be 26 fathoms; immediately after, 40 fathoms; and ſhortly after we could not find the bottom with a line a hundred fathoms long. Tallow was, as uſual, applied to the plummet, that we might be able to judge of the nature of the ground from the particles that thus adhere to it. We obtained ſmall pieces of ſtone, which either wholly conſiſted of lava, or at leaſt were of the volcanic kind. The rock is not large, and, as appears from our ſoundings, ſurrounded by a ſteep abyſs. Its top is level with the ſurface of the ſea or only a little beneath it, hence it cannot be perceived till we are very near it, or only when the waves break againſt it.

The origin of the volcanic iſland which was ſeen at this place in the year 1783, may be explained in the following manner: The rock that ſtill remains, formed the crater from which an eruption at that time happened; the great quantity of lava that was ejected accumulated at the bottom of the ſea around the crater, till it roſe to a conſiderable height above the ſurface of the water. But as this volcano is ſituated in the wide ocean, where the moſt violent waves ariſe, and tower over one another; it is probable that their force very ſoon deſtroyed a ſtructure that poſſeſſed yet ſo little ſolidity and ſtrength; eſpecially as round about there is an ingulfing abyſs, into which it might eaſily be precipitated. It is to be remembered likewiſe, that, in the ſame year, a conſiderable quantity of pumice, and the like volcanic productions, whoſe ſpecific gravity is leſs than that of water, was driven on ſhore in Iceland, and by navigators found ſwimming in the ocean.

Had the eruption happened in a leſs tempeſtuous ſea, and the profundity around it been leſs ſteep and unfathomable, the ejected maſs would have been conſolidated by its own weight, and in time have become an iſland; of which we have ſeen ſeveral inſtances in the Archipelago, in the Eaſt Indies, and in other places of the ocean. Had this volcanic eruption taken place on the main land, or on an iſland, a mountain would have been formed by it. A volcano does not neceſſarily originate from a mountain; they have been ſeen to burſt forth from the plain:

but a neceſſary conſequence is, that the ejected volcanic productions, which are heaped up upon the land, at laſt become a mountain.—Now, as here the mighty waves of the ocean could eaſily waſh away the looſe accumulations around the crater, it is not abſurd to ſuppoſe, that, as the ſea raged over its mouth, the fire was at laſt overpowered, and the volcano extinguiſhed by the water guſhing down the opening.

The crater, formed of rock, remained ſtanding. It is an undoubted fact, that there exiſted here a rock even before the eruption of the volcano; and later obſervations evince, that it ſtill exiſts.—There was before an obſcure tradition among the mariners who were wont to ſail to Iceland, that hereabout there was a blind rock, which they called Blind Fugle-Skior (bird rock.) This name I have retained in my chart, though many navigators deny its exiſtence, becauſe they have ſailed paſt without obſerving it. But in this caſe, and under ſuch circumſtances, the aſſertion of one man that he had ſeen it, deſerves more credit than the reports of a hundred others, who deny its exiſtence becauſe they have not ſeen it. This confirms me in my opinion, that the crater was in the ſame ſtate long before the late eruption.

To conclude: it will not be deemed a ſuperfluous obſervation, to ſtrengthen this opinion, that in almoſt the ſame direction from the ſouth-weſt point of Iceland, as has been remarked above, lie five ſmall iſlands, or rocks, the uttermoſt of which is $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles diſtant from the promontory Reikianos. Between theſe iſlands is deep water; and ſhips ſailing to or from the weſt ſide of Iceland commonly paſs that way, if they be ſufficiently acquainted with the ſituation of the land and rocks. The latter are called by the Daniſh mariners, Vogel-Klippen (Bird-rocks), on account of the number of ſea-fowl reſorting to them: but the natives of the country give them the name of Eld-Eyarne, that is Fire-Iſlands. May we not thence infer, that, in ancient times, they had volcanic eruptions? And, indeed, the volcano ſeen in 1783, may likewiſe have raged long before that period.

Gallant Defence of Latham Houſe by the Counteſs of Derby.

[From Pennant's Tour from Downing to Alſton Moor.]

THIS heroine was the daughter of Claude de la Tremouille, duke and peer of France, by his ducheſs, daughter to William Prince of Orange, founder of the Dutch republic. She proved herſelf worthy of her illuſtrious parents, by a ſeries of gallant actions. Her defence of Latham Houſe, in 1644, from February the 28th to May 27th, may be ranked among the braveſt actions of thoſe unhappy times. She formed her garriſon, appointed her officers, and herſelf commanded in chief during

during the whole ſiege, till it was raiſed by her loyal lord, by the defeat of the enemy at Bolton. A bomb fell into the room where ſhe and her children were at dinner, and burſt without doing any injury. She immediately ordered a ſally, beat the foes from their trenches, and took the mortar that was ſo nearly working her deſtruction. In the courſe of the ſiege, ſhe received a ſummons to ſurrender. She caught the ſpirit of her huſband: "Tell, fellow," ſays ſhe "the inſolent rebel who ſent you that if he preſumes to ſend another ſummons within theſe walls, I will cauſe the meſſenger to be hanged up at the gates." This is commemorated by a picture on the ſtaircaſe, repreſenting her ladyſhip ſitting with the letter in her hand, delivering to a fanatical drummer the gallant anſwer: the laſt is blindfolded, and dreſſed in red. An officer of the garriſon, in blue, ſtands by, admiring the heroiſm of his brave miſtreſs. Her ladyſhip retired afterward to the earl in the Iſle of Man, and continued there till after his unfortunate end, when ſhe was betrayed and impriſoned, and reduced to ſuch diſtreſs as to live on the alms of the impoveriſhed royaliſts till the reſtoration, which ſhe ſurvived only about four years.

On the WOUNDS *of the* HEART.

By Dr. Blair.

WHEN we behold ſuch plain marks of wiſe and juſt government taking place among men, who ſhall take upon him to ſay that all things come alike to all men, and that there is no more than a promiſcuous diſtribution of good and evil by providence on earth? However it may ſeem in appearance, it is far from being ſo in reality. We look to the outſide of things. We are dazzled with that tinſel glare which proſperity ſometimes throws around the worthleſs and the wicked. But what is that to true happineſs and ſelf-enjoyment? often, how little connected with it? Could you look into the hearts of men, another ſcene would open. You would ſee many a heart wounded and bleeding in ſecret, from a guilty conſcience and remembered crimes, while gay looks were affectedly put on before the world. Comparing this galled and diſtreſſed ſtate of mind, with the free and eaſy, the light and diſencumbered ſpirit of a worthy and virtuous man, even under the preſſures of life, you would forbear to charge providence, and would readily acknowledge, that though the external diſtribution of the world's goods be promiſcuous, the internal allotment of happineſs is meaſured by the real characters of men.

A CLERICAL SHEPHERD.

THERE was much frankneſs in the anſwer a country clergyman made when charged with being a bad ſhepherd, living in the metropolis, and ſcarcely ever going near his flock: "I am always with them at the *ſhearing time*," replied the parſon.

AN ANECDOTE.

THOMSON, the poet, was very fat, and very indolent; being once engaged to dine with Quin at Richmond, on a ſultry ſummer's day, he, according to his uſual cuſtom, walked; but being retarded by the heat, was much later than the hour of appointment. Quin, who dreaded dinner being over done, ſtood at a window which commanded the road, impatiently watching his arrival, and ſeeing him come panting along, walked out to meet him, and ſaluted him with the following addreſs. "What, Jemmy! ſure it cannot be you!" "But it is though," anſwered Thomſon, "and tired to the bone." "The Devil! Well! I am glad to ſee you however; but as you came rolling along the highway, with your light-coloured drab covered with duſt, I really thought it had been Dunſtable Chalk Hill, come to pay Richmond Hill a friendly viſit!"

ROYAL REGULATIONS.

WHEN George the Second was once told by ſome of his confidential friends, that every thing was complained of, and that the people were extremely diſſatisfied at the tardineſs of making the public payments, &c. &c. he in great wrath ſent for the old Duke of Newcaſtle, and told him he would no longer ſuffer ſuch infamous delays, but was determined to inſpect and regulate the accounts himſelf; for this purpoſe he commanded that the proper papers ſhould be immediately ſent to St. James's. "They ſhall be ſent to your majeſty to-morrow," replied the duke, When the king aroſe in the morning, and looked out of his window, he ſaw two waggon loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area. Enquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of Newcaſtle, to whom he ſent to know what it meant. "They are the papers for examination," ſaid the duke; "twelve more waggon loads for your majeſty's inſpection will be ſent in the courſe of the day."—"For my inſpection," replied the enraged monarch, "for my inſpection! The Devil's chief clerk may inſpect them, but I would as ſoon walk bare-footed to Jeruſalem.."

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to the Enigma, inſerted June 22.

A PIPE ſome gallons doth contain;
A PIPE we often ſmoke;
A PIPE is muſical I ween;
A PIPE muſt crown the joke.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from W. S. W. Harris, jun. and J. Squance, of Exeter; J. Stevens, and H. Gillard, of South Molton; John Swetman, of Melbury Oſmond; J. Underhay, jun. of Brixham; Serjeant Towning, of the Fifehead Volunteers; T. Webber, jun. and R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; J. R. Toulmin; G. Badcock, of the Mouſehole Volunteers; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and A. L. of Poole.

Anſwer, by L. H. of Exeter, to J. Squance's Rebus, inſerted June 22.

TO ABERCROMBY's fame my muſe I raiſe,
The gallant hero's worthy deeds to praiſe;
Let Britons join to praiſe the val'rous band
That with him fell in the Egyptian land.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Thomas Webber, jun. and R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; Henry Humphreys, T. Whicker, P. Gove, W. S. and W. Harris, jun. of Exeter; J. R. Toulmin; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; A. L. of Poole; J. Widgery, near Plymouth; J. Whittle, of Upway; Serjeant Towning, of the Fifehead Volunteers; E. Penny, of Aſhburton; G. England, of Uplyme; H. Gillard, J. Stevens, and R. Berry, of Southmolton; and G. Badcock, of the Mouſehole Volunteers.

A REBUS.

REVERSE a meaſure, and 'tis clear
A vehicle will ſtraight appear.

An ENIGMA, *by S. B. of Newton Buſhel.*

ATTEND, ye gents, be quite profound,
To you a riddle I propound;
My courſe is ſwift, tho' I've no leg,
And ſeldom riſe from off my bed;
My back is pliant, yet I bear
The greateſt burthens from afar;
By all, 'tis ſaid, I am confin'd,
Yet oft I'm driven by the wind;
I am quite paſſive, but I ſay,
That human force cannot me ſtay;
What ſtrength I have ſcarce tongue can ſpeak,
Yet to a proverb I am weak.
Come then, ye bards, tell what I am,
And then to you I'll give the palm.

☞ *In* "The Exile of Erin," *inſerted in page* 520 *of our laſt volume, the following alteration is deſired to be made:*

Correcte "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
"The dew on his *thin* robe was heavy and chill."

*** *It appears that the lines on a roſe, inſerted June* 22, *with the name of R. Berry, ſchoolmaſter, of Crediton, had appeared before, viz. April* 22, 1788. *We hope ſimilar impoſitions will not be attempted.*

†*† *If F. H. of Exeter, will give his hymn a little additional poliſh, it ſhall be inſerted.*

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The TRIUMPH *of* MEDICINE.

Addreſſed to Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart.
By Dr. CRANE.

"*Poſt nubila Phœbus.*"

OE'RWHELM'D with pain when beauty lies
With pallid cheeks, and languid eyes;
Now chills oppreſs the vital flood,
Now burning heats ferment the blood;
Th' alternate conflict tears her frame,
Life's lamp emits a doubtful flame;
The drooping nymph reclines her head
Her lilies gone, her roſes fled—
His well-tim'd aim Sir Walter brings,
And fell diſeaſe ſoon prunes her wings;
At his approach the ſymptoms fly,
And luſtre ſparkles in each eye;
The lips bluſh ſweets, the cheeks diſcloſe,
Once more, the lily and the roſe;
Returning health reſumes its ſway,
And death reluctant quits his prey.

Thus oft we ſee in ſummer's morn,
When ſplendid beams th' expanſe adorn;
A cloud malignant intervene,
And for awhile obſcure the ſcene;
But if bright Phœbus from on high
Renews his force to clear the ſky,
At once the vapours fleet away,
And brighter glories gild the day.

J. C. *Northern Hay, Exon.*

The RURAL MUSE.

WHERE whiſp'ring zephyrs gently breathe
In murmurs thro' the op'ning glade,
Where pliant woodbines twining wreath,
With jeſſamines, the fragrant ſhade;

Where bounteous nature laviſh ſtrews,
With various flow'rs the fertile plains,
There would I cultivate the muſe,
And learn to ſing the paſt'ral ſtrains.

Oft o'er the verdant heath I'd ſtray,
Or ramble thro' the flow'ry fields;
From ſome tall brow I'd oft ſurvey
The varied charms the country yields.

What beauteous ſcenes each vale unfolds!
Rich paſtures, meadows, fields of corn;
With what pure joy each eye beholds
Plenty their verdant fields adorn!

When jovial ruſtics, brown with toil,
In ſcatter'd troops are making hay;
And ſporting as they work the while,
With pleaſure innocently gay:

While the tall cocks that ſcatter'd round,
In rows are raiſed on the green;
With pleaſing contraſt deck the ground
And add new beauty to the ſcene.

When bending harveſt o'er the fields,
(The gift of Ceres' bounteous hand)
"Prone to the reaper's ſickley yields,"
And well-earn'd ſheaves beſtrew the land.

The tall ſpire pointing to the ſkies,
The fertile orchards planted near,
Where yon few ſmoky columns riſe,
Point out the village hamlet there.

There on the ſpacious level green,
Around the maypole met to dance,
Jocund and blithe the rural ſcene,
The village ſwains and maids advance.

The homely cot juſt rears its head,
Above its little orchard's height:
Like virtue is the humble ſhed,
Modeſtly conceal'd from ſight.

Often beneath the lowly cell,
Contentment chooſes to reſide,
There virtue's oft'ner found to dwell,
Than in the ſplendid halls of pride.

Retir'd far from the buſy ſcene,
Of cities' tumult, ſtrife, and noiſe,
Here ſolid pleaſures, joys ſerene,
The contemplative mind enjoys.

If e'er the ſilent hours invite
When ſoft the moon's pale luſtre ſhines,
To wander by her ſhadowy light,
Beneath the lofty grove of pines.

Philomela midſt the ſhady trees,
Warbles her ſweet nocturnal note;
While ſoften'd by the whiſ'pring breeze,
Her accents more melodious float.

Would

Would you taſte the joys of peace?
Bleſſings of health would you enjoy?
In theſe dear realms of ſilent eaſe,
No ſtorms will e'er your peace annoy.

A thouſand charms adorn the plain,
And health thoſe various charms doth crown;
Which few of thoſe can e'er obtain,
Who dwell within the ſmoky town.

EUSEBIUS.

MUTUAL LOVE.—A SONG.

FRIENDSHIP's a noble generous flame,
When ſteady and ſincere,
If woes oppreſs, from it we claim,
The ſympathetic tear:
Friendſhip may oft its worth impart,
Doth oft its value prove,
But there's no friendſhip cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

When two congenial tempers meet,
Warm'd by love's gentle fires,
Ah! then the bliſs enjoy'd how great,
Which confidence inſpires,
For each to each their cares impart,
And thus its value prove;
For there's no friendſhip cheers the heart
Like that of mutual love.

At length arrives th' expected day,
Appointed to join hands,
The dance and merry roundelay
Shall hail the happy bands,
And long may Hymen joys impart,
Connubial bliſs to prove,
For there's no friendſhip cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

SCOTUS.

BALLAD.

TWAS on a cliff, whoſe rocky baſe
Baffled the briny wave;
Whoſe culter'd heights their verdant ſtore
To many a tenant gave;

A mother, led by ruſtic cares,
Had wander'd with her child;
Unweanʼd the babe, yet on the graſs
He froſick'd and he ſmil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd
To mark the infant's joy;
How oft would pauſe, amidſt her toil,
To contemplate her boy.

Yet ſoon, by other cares eſtranged,
Her thoughts the child forſook;
Careleſs he wanton'd on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropp'd was each flow'r that caught his eye,
'Till, ſcrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the cliff's unſhelter'd edge,
And pleas'd ſurvey'd the ſcene!

'Twas now the mother, from her toil,
Turn'd to behold her child—
The urchin gone! her cheeks were
Her wand'ring eye was wild!

She ſaw him on the cliff's rude brink,
Now careleſs peeping o'er—
He turn'd, and to his mother ſmil'd,—
Then ſported as before.

Sunk was her voice—'twas vain to fly,
'Twas vain the brink to brave—
O nature! it was thine alone
To prompt the means to ſave!

She tore the kerchief from her breaſt,
And laid her boſom bare:
He ſaw delighted—left the brink,
And fought to banquet there.

H. R.

Elegy, ſuppoſed to have been written on the burying Vault of an ancient Family.

SIGH not ye winds, as paſſing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly!
Weep not, ye dews, for theſe no more
Shall ever weep, ſhall ever ſigh!

Why mourn? the throbbing heart's at reſt;
How ſtill it lies within the breaſt!
Why mourn? ſince death preſents us peace,
And in the grave our ſorrows ceaſe.

The ſhatter'd bark, from adverſe winds,
Reſts in this peaceful haven finds,
And when the ſtorms of life are paſt,
Hope drops her anchor here at laſt.

EPITAPH *on* WELTJIE.

WELTJIE! no more thy Apician art tranſforms
More wholeſome food, thyſelf now food for worms.
Baſe, ſcurvy, gout, lament a patron gone
Than whom none greater in a kitchen ſhone!
Willing and train'd to *courſes*, now *per force*
Thou art conſtrain'd to take *another courſe!*